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Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH.

TERMS—\$1.50 a Year, in Advance

VOLUME XXVI.

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JOB WORK.

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Probate Court is held on the first Monday in February, May, August and November.

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City Clerk, W. G. Fairchild.
City Treasurer, D. F. Kesse.
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City Councilmen—W. R. Edgar, J. N. Bishop, A. Begley, J. M. Reel, M. Claybaugh and J. H. Baldwin.
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Fire Committee—J. M. Reel, J. N. Bishop and M. Claybaugh.
Health Committee—W. R. Edgar, J. N. Bishop and A. Begley.

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M. E. CHURCH, Cor. Reynolds and Mountain Streets, W. H. HOBBS, Pastor. Residence: Ironton. Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sunday School 9:30 A. M. Class Meeting Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Prayer Meeting Thursday evening. All are invited.
M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH, Fort Hill, Ironton and Arcadia. Rev. H. WHITEHEAD, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening, 7 o'clock. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M.
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LUTHERAN CHURCH, Pilot Knob. Rev. OTTO PFAFF, Pastor.
M. E. CHURCH, Corner Shepherd and Washington streets, Ironton. D. J. KENOLY, pastor.

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IRONTON LODGE, No. 144, K. of P., Ironton, Mo., meets every Friday evening at Odd-Fellows Hall.
C. DEWITT, Secretary.
IRON LODGE, No. 107, I. O. O. F., meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main and Madison streets. A. P. VANCE, N. G.
E. D. AKE, Recording Secretary.
IRONTON EXETER, No. 29, I. O. O. F., meets on the first and third Thursday evenings of every month in Odd-Fellows Hall, corner Main and Madison streets.
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STAR OF THE WEST LODGE, No. 133, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall, corner Main and Madison streets, on Saturday or preceding full moon.
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W. A. FLETCHER, Secretary.
MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A., meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 P. M. W. R. EDGAR, M. E. H. P. E. D. AKE, Secretary.

VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870, KNIGHTS OF HONOR, meets in Odd-Fellows Hall every alternate Wednesday evenings. A. P. VANCE, D. IRA A. MARSHALL, Reporter.
EASTERN STAR LODGE, No. 62, A. F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second Saturday of each month.

IRON POST, No. 346, G. A. R., meets the 2d and 4th Saturdays of each month at 2 P. M.

FRANZ DINGER, P. C.
C. R. PECK, Adj't.

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C. R. PECK, First Sergeant.

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PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 253, A. O. U. W. meets every 2d and 4th Friday evenings, 7:30 P. M., upstairs in Union Church.

PILOT KNOB LODGE, No. 158, I. O. O. F., meets every Tuesday evening at their hall. CHAS. MARCHEMYER, Secretary.
IRON LODGE, No. 30, SONS OF HERMAN, meets on the second and last Sunday of each month. WM. STEFFENS, President.
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IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 430, A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday night on or before the full moon. LOUIS PETTIT, W. M.
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IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 280, I. O. O. F., meets Wednesday night of each week.
J. N. DOWNEY, N. G.
IRON MOUNTAIN LODGE, No. 293, A. O. U. W., meets on the first and third Friday of each month.

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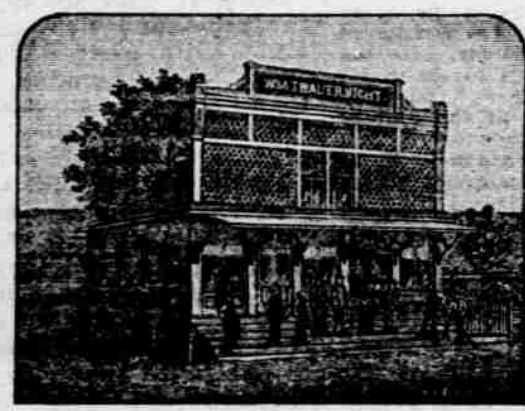
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"The Beautiful."

"O, the snow, the beautiful!"—Oh! Down on the slippery pavement you go; Rearing, tearing, swearing you tread. Cautiously, 'till you are heels-over-head! Colonels, majors, deacons and all, Doomed like a snowflake to tumble and fall— Rubbers won't save them, for down they all go And kick up a row in the beautiful snow! Snow and sleet All over the street. Blinding the eyes of collectors you meet, Making them think of a thousand ills, With icicles over unreadable bills! Wonderful snow, Wherever you go, Freeze all the bills and collectors just so— Make them forget all the money we owe, And as homeward we skip We'll forgive every slip That blackens our eye or that fractures our hip By landing us flat in the beautiful snow!—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

All Along the Road.

Ed. Register.—Last week I had occasion to go down the road to make inquiries about the timber interests for the government. A great many scientific men think and say the day is not far off when our forests will be all destroyed, and there will be no timber left for future generations.

Now, you know, that for the last twenty-five or thirty years, there have been mills cutting timber all along each side of the railroad and shipping lumber to all parts of the world. At first they put up large mills and just culled out the best and largest pines. They thought pine was all the lumber wanted at that time. As soon as the best and largest trees were cut, they would move those large mills to new and fresher fields. As soon as the big mills were gone some man would put a smaller mill right on the same spot. When they had cut and culled a few years, in turn, would move, and so on, each man when he left thought he had about cleared out all that was good for anything, and so it has gone on and on up to the present time. And as I passed each mill I saw the mills cutting to their full capacity, and I never in all my visits saw the yards so full of logs of all sorts and sizes; great piles of oak, pine and everything that would make a board or stick of timber for a car frame. I saw immense piles of small white oak sticks of all lengths. I asked, "What use do you make of those little logs?" They said, "hubs." Those sticks are shipped to the wagon factories and put into a lathe and turned into wagon-hubs. "What use do you make of those great black oak logs?" "They are for building railroad cars." They find that black oak is just as good for inside work as white oak. There is no species of tree but they find use for now. Even sycamore and gum are used for furniture and tobacco boxes. What was for years thought to be of no value is now valuable timber.

I saw at most every yard oak pits burning. When asked, "What use do you make of the slabs now?" "We cut them up into four foot lengths and make charcoal of them." "Where do you sell the coal?" "It is sent to St. Louis, for there are a great many uses for charcoal that stone coal does not do so well." And when I looked at the hills that were covered with snow, which made a good background, I could see the hills covered with an immense growth of timber. Each tree was made to show up against the snow. Just to look at the forests as you pass along, it looked as though they had never been touched. I saw them after team of four horses or mules coming from every direction with logs piled high on the wagons, five, six or seven large logs on a wagon. This winter has been one of the best winters for timbering for years, the roads are hard and dry and as smooth as possible.

How many million feet of lumber has been cut and shipped from Hogan to Piedmont to be hauled to tell. Mills at Hogan, a mill at Buford's, one at Sabula, one at Vulcan, one or two at Annapolis, one or two at Des Arc and away back in the woods I don't know how many, for all along the road you see great lumber yards with great piles of lumber, where there is no mill, and what a change in the appearance of the country! Everything looks as if they were fixed for life. A kind of settled-down look; good houses, stores, school-houses, churches and farms, which looked more like home.

When I reached Piedmont I found they had one of the best new depots on the road. After all the fires in that town, they have put nice large brick business houses, and everything looked fresh and new, and everybody seemed to have plenty to do. I saw the stores were doing a good business. Piedmont has a large farming country laying

back of it in every direction. I was told there had been a great many carloads of fat hogs shipped from that point, as well as cattle, this winter. I met a good many of my old friends that I had known in Arcadia Valley in years gone by. It seemed good to see those faces and feel the hearty grasp of their hand once more. I called at the printing offices, for that town sports two papers, a Republican and a Democratic. So you pay your money and take your choice. Both editors are nice looking young men.

Friday afternoon I was taken to Lake Blackstone and Camp Yancey, about three miles down the road, just above where the McKenzie Creek enters into Black River. Our old friend and fellow citizen, Charley D. Yancey, and some others are making a place of resort for hunting and fishing. As we reached camp, we found a large camp made of boards. On going in we saw two large wall tents inside of the plank house; the floor was the ground, and in the center a large tree was standing with the roof of the camp built around the trunk. Near one corner was a fire made of rocks and a big merry fire in the fire-place, just pouring out the heat, and I tell you it looked and felt good to sit before the fire on one of the camp chairs. As I walked around I saw a cupboard nailed up against the wall, that I was ready to claim as mine, that I had at the old Brewer's Creek mill, when I kept batch. Oh! I just felt as though I wanted to spread my blanket and spend the rest of my days right there. It made me feel homesick to leave the place, and such a splendid place it will be when brought into shape a little. Such fine fishing and hunting; we saw squirrel tracks in the snow in a few yards of the cabin. The lake is bounded on the east and south by huge steep bluffs, covered with trees, ferns and rocks that reach down to the clear waters; on the west the railroad has a very high embankment, with a high bridge at the upper end, but no outlet at the lower end, so that is all ready for ornamenting. As I stood at the foot of the bluff, just above the water, I saw, for a great many yards around, the water act in commotion. As I looked, I saw great bubbles constantly coming up from the bottom of the lake. It was in such constant motion that no ice could form on the water. I was told the water was very deep in some parts of the lake, and I saw in a part of the ground that was not covered with water a mass of green, which I found to be cane. I had seen no cane for a great many years; I had forgotten all about the canebrakes that used to grow down in that country.

I remember when we first came to this country there were but very few people living down in all that part of the world, and the state and river and creek bottoms were covered with cane. Every fall, before cold weather came, all of the farmers that had much stock up in this part of the country, up in Madison, St. Francois and Washington counties, would hitch up a team of four or six horses to one of those big schooner wagons, load in a few sacks of salt, their bedding, flour, cornmeal, coffee, guns and traps. Then they would gather all of their spare horses and cattle together and go down to the swamps on St. Francois and Black rivers and spend the winter, hunting, fishing and trapping beaver, otter and mink. They would hunt bear and deer and turkeys, and what splendid times they did have and how fat they lived, roasted bear meat and wild turkey breast for bread. I tell you to get before a good log fire, with a big chunk of roasted bear meat in one hand and a roasted turkey breast in the other. Oh! it makes me hungry just to think of it, and fish roasted on the coals, go away! When spring came and the buffalo gnats came, then it was time to pull up stakes and get out of the swamps, and such loads of venison and bear bacon as they did bring back with them, and their cattle would come out of the swamps looking sleek and nice, after feasting on the cane all winter.

And now, as I look all over that country, and think of all the good old days gone by, I feel that, after all, this is a great and good part of the world. Old Iron may not have as good land, may not have as fine stock as some, her inhabitants may not have as much of this world's goods as some, but I must defy the world to raise more children, smarter boys and prettier girls than old Iron! You can find boys and girls that were born and raised in old Iron everywhere you go, and they are no slouches.

T. P. R.

A Great Leader.

It is somewhat fashionable nowadays to chronicle a decadence in American statesmanship. Just as though the people had marched seven times around the battlements of legislation, and at a blast upon the ram's horn the walls of

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

eloquence, foresight, prudence and tact had fallen down, leaving only the skeletons of dead and gone ancestors to tell of the forensic fray. This is what everybody says, and everybody imagines he believes it and that it must perforce be true. But as a matter of fact there are a few statesmen yet remaining to the republic, and it is comforting to sit down and consider that if one of them had been in the United States senate forty or fifty years ago he would have gone down to history alongside of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Thomas Jefferson and John C. Calhoun. That one is George G. Vest of Missouri. And it may that a less cynical generation to follow will accord him the position he has earned in the very forefront of modern thinkers and orators.

Senator Vest is no ordinary man. With thirty years of legislative experience behind him, he is master of the business of making laws. As the leader of a great party he has shown such daring, such diplomacy and such skill as would have made him, in other days, a prince of the crusaders. When he entered the senate, fourteen years ago, it was as a full panoplied knight, trained in all the arts of political warfare and reared in an atmosphere of statesmanship. Without dispute he quickly assumed the leadership in a body of leaders, and has ridden, booted and spurred, over more hypocrisy, deceit, treachery, extravagance and corruption than any man known to American politics.

There is no question as to the position held by Senator Vest in the hearts of all Missourians. Knowing and loving him as a man, appreciating his high qualities of honor and matchless eloquence, and according to him all the praise which true recognition of merit can acclaim, they are united in the faith that he is without a peer in the United States senate.

Senator Cockrell, of a different mold and with certain duties to perform which no man has ever performed as well, has his own place in the love and admiration of his people. Senator Vest, occupying another field, has brought distinction upon himself, his state and the government which he so ably represents.

Leaders, such as Senator Vest, are absolutely essential to the perpetuity of free institutions. Appreciating to the fullest extent the liberty he enjoys as a citizen of the republic, he is jealous at all times of threatened encroachments upon the rights of himself and fellow-citizens, and in defense of these rights his voice is always attuned to the most eloquent and convincing strains. Fearless, witty, learned and possessed of magnetic influence, the hour is rapidly approaching when Senator Vest of Missouri will take rank with the greatest of all the great men who have preceded him in the United States senate.

There is nothing artificial about Senator Vest. As the Republican congressman, Gear of Iowa, once said of the Democratic congressmen from this district: "I think that Dick Bland really believes everything that he says." So the junior senator from Missouri speaks always from an honest conviction and would cheerfully place his head on the block in defense of the principles he espouses. As a student of legislation, no senator exceeds him in diligence and study; in debate, absolutely matchless on the floor of the senate; in weighty argument, as strong as the foremost lawyer at the bar of the supreme court.

Who can blame the people of Missouri for placing George G. Vest on the topmost pinnacle of their esteem and admiration!—Jefferson City Tribune.

Carlisle for the Cabinet.

It seems to be reasonably certain that Senator John G. Carlisle has been tendered and has accepted the portfolio of the Treasury in the new Cleveland Cabinet.

We doubt whether any other man could be called to that position in whom the business and industrial interests of the country could confide as implicitly as they are ready to confide in Mr. Carlisle.

Mr. Carlisle is an honest tariff reformer. He is not a free trader, and the time has come when considerable

men of all parties should look the tariff issue fairly in the face and call things by their right names.

Tariff reform is not free trade. Reciprocity is in advance of the theory of tariff reform, as it means either free trade or fair trade on the basis of mutual advantage; and there would be much more reason in calling Mr. Blaine a free trader than in applying the term to Mr. Carlisle.

Mr. Carlisle is one of the most intelligent, conservative and practical of our leading champions of tariff reform. He will help to the line in revising our tariff policy that breeds and protects monopoly, but he will equally help to the line in every effort to advance the interests of our productive industries.

There can be no shock to finance or business with Mr. Carlisle as Secretary of the Treasury. The necessary reform demanded by the people will be fully attained, but in every step that he may take to accomplish it, he will be studiously considerate of every existing legitimate interest that may be affected by it. The fact that tariff reform has come to stay is clearly demonstrated by the loss of every State West of Pennsylvania to the Republicans on the issue of the present tariff; and it is most fortunate that so able, conservative and practical a statesman as Mr. Carlisle has been assigned the task of devising and inaugurating the new policy.

The important lesson of Mr. Carlisle's appointment is that violent or revolutionary change in the tariff policy of the government is not to be the policy of the new administration; and the whole business interests of the country should heartily welcome and sustain him. He means honest tariff reform, and the phantom of free trade will soon perish under his patriotic and enlightened administration of the Treasury Department.—Philadelphia Times.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will prevent Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at F. R. Crisp's Drug Store, 5

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

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The farmer, the merchant or the professional man who has not the time to read a large daily newspaper, will find in The Weekly Globe-Democrat, consisting of ten pages, a paper that exactly suits him—brimful of the best news of the day, sufficiently condensed to meet his needs. Though strictly Republican in principles, it is never so partisan as to suppress any important news necessary to a correct knowledge of current events. Once a reader, always a reader. Price, \$1.00 per Year. Any person sending us three dollars for three yearly subscriptions to the Weekly, will receive one copy free for a year. A free sample copy may be had by writing for it. Subscriptions received by all postmasters or newsmen throughout the United States, or direct by GLOBE PRINTING CO., St. Louis.

COUGHING LEADS TO CONSUMPTION. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

Stray Notice.

Taken up by Henry Billiter and posted before J. B. Hampton, a Justice of the Peace in Union Township, of Iron County, Missouri, on the 24 day of January, 1893, the following described property: a certain yellow (horse) pony, supposed to be five or six years old, with white spot in the forehead, branded on the left thigh and appraised at the sum of fifteen (\$15) dollars, by J. L. ELDRIDGE, JOHN RUELE, EUGENE HICKMAN, Appraisers.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.